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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

EDITED BY LLEWELLYN M. BUELL

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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS TUCKER BROOKE

WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM

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·: *The Yale Shakespeare* :·

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

EDITED BY

LLEWELLYN M. BUELL

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The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the Elizabethan Club copy of the Fourth Quarto (1608).

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THE Tragedie of King Richard the ſecond.

As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruantes.

By *William Shake-ſpeare.*

LONDON,
Printed by W.W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Foxe.
1608.

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[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York,*
} *Uncles to the King*

HENRY, *surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV*

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York*

THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*

DUKE OF SURREY

EARL OF SALISBURY

LORD BERKELEY

BUSHY,
BAGOT,
GREEN,
} *Servants to King Richard*

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, his Son*

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATER

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

LORD MARSHAL

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Captain of a Band of Welshmen

ISABEL, *Queen to King Richard*

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

DUCHESS OF YORK

Lady attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Dispersedly in England and Wales.*]

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The Life and Death of King Richard the Second

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[*Windsor. Within the Castle Walls*]

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege.
K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,

Scene One; *cf. n.*
3 Hereford; *cf. n.*
9 appeal: *accuse, challenge*
2 band: *bond*
4 appeal: *accusation; cf. n.*
12 argument: *topic*

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And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—
In devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

18 High-stomach'd: *hot-tempered*
23 hap: *fortune*
32 Tendering: *holding tenderly*
34 appellant; *cf. n.*
43 aggravate the note: *intensify the stigma*

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With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and naught at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:

56 post: *hasten* 59 *Cf. n.* 63 tied: *obliged*
65 inhabitable: *uninhabitable* 69 gage: *pledge* (*here, his hood*)

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By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,

81 design: *enterprise* 85 inherit us: *put us in possession of*
88 nobles: *gold coins worth 6s. 8d.*
89 lendings: *money advances on their pay* 90 lewd: *base*
91 injurious: *malicious* 101 Suggest: *instigate*

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Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?
Mow. O! let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.

109 pitch: *height*
126 receipt: *money*
130 Upon remainder: *for the balance* dear: *heavy* 131 *Cf. n.*
120 partialize: *render partial*

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Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:

138 trespass: *offense*
140 exactly: *in express terms*
146 interchangeably: *reciprocally*
150 whereof: *towards this event*
153 choler; *cf. n.*
156 conclude: *come to an understanding*

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Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,—
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,—
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.
Boling. O God, defend my soul from such deep sin!

162 When: *exclamation of impatience* 164 boot: *help for it*
170 impeach'd: *disparaged* baffled; *cf. n.* 174 lions; *cf. n.*

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Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. *Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[*London. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace*]

Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.

189 height: *high rank*
192 sound . . . parle; *cf. n.*
193 motive: *moving organ, i.e., tongue*
199 Saint Lambert's day: *September 17*
202 atone: *reconcile, make 'at one'*
203 design: *indicate*
204 officers-at-arms; *cf. n.*
205 alarms: *disturbances*
1 Woodstock's blood; *cf. n. on I. i. and App. F*
2 solicit: *urge*
exclaims: *exclamations*

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But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience

4 correction: *punishment* 6 quarrel: *grievance*
11 seven sons; *cf. n.* 14, 15 *Cf. n.*
20 vaded: *faded* 23 metal: *substance* self: *very same*
28 model: *exact image* 33 mean: *of low birth*

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Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;

37 God's substitute: *the king*
46 fell: *fierce*
49 career: *charge in a tourney*
53 caitiff: *contemptible* recreant; *cf. n.* cousin; *cf. n.*
54 sometimes: *former, 'late'*

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Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*Open Space, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a Throne*]

Enter Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others; when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms, defendant.

66 Plashy: *her seat in Essex* 68 unfurnish'd: *without hangings*
69 offices: *kitchens and other service rooms*
71 commend me: *remember me to him*
3 sprightfully: *with high spirit*
6 S. d. Flourish: *a triumphant trumpet call*

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K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Hereford, appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?

10 swear him in: *make him take oath as to*
18 defend: *forbid*
30 Depose: *examine under oath*

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Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;

59 profane: *shed profanely*

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Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

[*He takes his seat.*]

Mow. [*Rising.*] However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

67 regreet: *salute* 69 thou: *Gaunt*
70 regenerate: *born again* 73 proof: *impenetrability*
75 waxen: *become soft as wax* 76 furbish: *brighten*
77 lusty: *vigorous, manly* haviour: *conduct*
84 to thrive: *help me to succeed* 90 enfranchisement: *release*

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More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth has a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords take their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry 'amen.'

Mar. [*To an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

98 couched: *lying*
99 Order: *take charge of*
106 On pain to be: *under penalty of being*
112 approve: *prove*
116 Attending: *awaiting*

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Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. *A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.

A long flourish.

[*To the Combatants.*] Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,

118 warder: *ceremonial baton*
122 return: *say in answer to*
127, 129 for: *because*
131 set on you: *set you on*
142 regreet: *greet again*
121 Withdraw; *cf. n.*
125 For that: *in order that*
128 civil: *received in civil war*
134 Which; *cf. n.*

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But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

143 stranger: *foreign* 147 point on: *aim at* 150 sly: *stealthy*
156 dearer merit: *more precious reward* maim: *disabling blow*
166 engaol'd: *imprisoned*

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Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall,—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

174 boots: *avails* compassionate; *cf. n.*
175 plaining: *complaining*

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But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To Bolingbroke.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

206 stray: *get lost*
208 glasses: *eyeballs*
216 in regard of: *out of consideration for*
221 oil-dried: *with oil exhausted*

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But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
Exit [*King Richard*]. *Flourish.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

234 party-verdict: *share in joint verdict* 239-242 *Cf. n.*
240 smooth: *gloss over*
241 partial slander: *slanderous charge of partiality*
249 presence: *the king's presence* 257 dolour: *grief*

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Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

266 foil: *contrasting setting for a jewel*
269 remember: *remind*
274 journeyman; *cf. n.*
282 purchase: *win*
268-293 *Cf. App. C*
272 passages: *wanderings*
281 faintly: *faint-heartedly*

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And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

Exeunt.

289 presence: *royal presence-chamber or flowers*
291 strew'd: *i.e., with rushes*
291 measure: *a grave and formal dance*
292 gnarling: *snarling*
293 sets it light: *regards it lightly*
299 fantastic: *imagined*
300 apprehension: *conception*
304 bring: *accompany*
305 stay: *delay*

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Scene Four

[*London. A Room in the King's Castle*]

Enter the King with Bushy, &c., at one door, and the Lord Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the northeast wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. 'Farewell':
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green

2 high: *arrogant*
8 rheum: *watery secretion of the eyes*
12-14 *Cf. n.*

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Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends';
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

29 underbearing: *enduring* 30 affects: *kind feelings*
35 reversion: *destined to come into his possession*
39 Expedient: *expeditious* manage: *arrangement*
43 court; *cf. n.* 44 largess: *bestowal of gifts*
45 farm; *cf. n.* 48 *Cf. n.* 52 presently: *at once*

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Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now, put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late.

[*All.*] Amen. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene One

[*London. An Apartment in Ely House*]

Enter Gaunt, sick, with York.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:

2 unstaid: *uncontrolled; cf. n.*

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Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond;
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new there's no respect how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

9 listen'd: *heeded* 10 glose: *dissimulate*
11 mark'd: *observed* 13 As: *like* 18 *Cf. n.*
25 respect: *care* 26 buzz'd: *whispered*
28 mutiny: *quarrel* wit's regard: *deliberate judgment of the understanding* 33 riot: *unrestrained behavior*

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For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

36 betimes: *early*
38 cormorant: *a gluttonous bird*
41 earth: *country*
47 office: *function*
49 less happier: *less happy*
52 by: *because of*
55 Jewry: *Palestine*
56 ransom: *Redeemer*
60 pelting: *paltry*

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With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O! how that name befits my composition;
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

70 rag'd: *enraged*
73 composition: *constitution*
84 nicely: *trifingly*

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K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,
And—
K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

94 *Cf. n.*
101 compass: *circumference*
102 verge: *circle*
103 waste; *cf. n.*
107 possess'd; *cf. n.*
114 state of law: *legal status; cf. n.*

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Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.
Exit [*borne off by his Attendants*].
K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;

121 *See App. F*
126 pelican; *cf. n.*
127 carous'd: *drunk down*
129 fair befall: *may favor attend*
131 respect'st not: *hast no scruples about*
139 sullens: *sulks, dumps*

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As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

155 must be: *has to continue*
157 rug-headed: *shock-haired* kerns: *half-wild Irish clansmen*
158 venom: *poisonous snakes; cf. n.* 160 charge: *expenditure*
168 prevention: *forestalling; cf. n.*
170 sour . . . cheek: *look sullen*

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I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O! my liege.
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath

178 Accomplish'd, etc.: *at your age*
191 royalties: *prerogatives*
198 ensue: *succeed*
203 letters-patents; *cf. n.*

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By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish. Exeunt King and Queen [and Others]. Manent North[umberland], Willoughby, and Ross.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

204 attorneys-general: *proxies* 204, 205 sue . . . livery; *cf. n.*
213 ensue: *come as the consequence* 215 events: *outcome*
216 Earl of Wiltshire: *Lord Treasurer of England*
219 I trow: *I dare say* 224 S. d. Manent: *remain*

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Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

230 liberal: *free-speaking*
238 gelded: *deprived*
240 In: *against* moe: *old form of 'more'*
243 inform: *report slanderously*
247 pill'd: *robbed*
248 *Cf. n.* 251 blanks; *cf. n. on I. iv. 48* benevolences; *cf. n.*

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But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

254 compromise; *cf. n.*
267 strike: *lower sail* securely: *in false confidence*
268 wrack: *destruction* 269 unavoided: *unavoidable*
270 suffering: *bearing patiently*

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In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

282 His brother; *cf. n.*
285 Britaine: *Brittany*
286 tall: *powerful*
287 expedience: *speed*
290 first: *prior*
292 Imp; *cf. n.*
293 broking pawn: *pledge*
296 post: *haste*
300 Hold . . . and: *if my horse can stand it*

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Scene Two

[*Near Windsor Castle*]

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,

Scene Two; *cf. n.* 3 heaviness: *sadness* 15 shows: *appears*
18 perspectives; *cf. n.* 20 Distinguish: *show distinctly*

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Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

30-32 *Cf. n.*
33 conceit: *fancy*
34 nothing less: *that least of all* still: *always*
37 *Cf. n.* 38 reversion; *cf. n.*
40 wot: *know*
46 retir'd: *drawn back* power: *troops*
49 repeals: *recalls from exile*

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Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O! full of careful business are his looks.
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:

52 that: *what*
57 *Cf. n.*
59 staff: *mace of office*
69 cozening: *cheating*
72 lingers: *prolongs*
75 careful: *anxious*

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Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts

79 crosses: *contrary circumstances* 101 untruth: *disloyalty*

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And bring away the armour that is there.
[*Exit Servant.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
T' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; t' other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.
I should to Plashy too:
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.
Exeunt [*York and Queen*].

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

112 T' one: *the one* 115 kindred: *kinship* 116, 117 *Cf. n.*
120 uneven: *disordered* 121 at six and seven: *in confusion*

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Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*Wilds in Gloucestershire*]

Enter the Duke of Hereford and Northumberland [*with Forces*].

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles and makes them wearisome;
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way

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From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Henry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?
H. Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
H. Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.
H. Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

12 tediousness and process: *tedious progress* 21 young; *cf.* n.

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North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

H. Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

H. Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

H. Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury

44 approved: *tested* 51 stir: *activity*

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Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter York [*attended*].

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his Grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*]
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

61 unfelt: *not expressed in deeds*
75 raze: *erase*
79 absent time: *time of (the king's) absence*
80 self-borne: *borne for oneself*

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Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

84 deceivable: *deceitful*
95 despised: *despicable*
105 minister: *administer*
112 braving: *defiant*

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But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;

116 indifferent: *impartial*
128 to the bay; *cf. n.*
134 challenge: *claim as right*
138 stands . . . upon: *is incumbent upon*
122 unthrifts: *ne'er-do-wells*
131 distrain'd: *confiscated*

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But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care.

Exeunt.

143 kind: *manner*
156 attach: *arrest*
165 complices: *confederates*
152 issue: *outcome*
159 neuter: *neutral*
167 weed: *pick off*

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Scene Four

[*A Camp in Wales*]

Enter Earl of Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.
Exit.

Scene Four; *cf. n.*
22 Witnessing: *giving evidence of* 24 crossly: *contrary*

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ACT THIRD

Scene One

[*Bristol. Bolingbroke's Camp*]

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,

3 part: *quit* 4 urging: *insisting upon* 10 clean: *entirely*
11 in manner: *as it were* 22 signories: *estates*

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Dispark'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with Bushy and Green.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

23 Dispark'd: *unfenced*
24 coat: *coat-of-arms*
25 impress; *cf. n.*
37 entreated: *treated*
38 commends: *greetings*
41 at large: *fully set forth*
43 Glendower; *cf. n.*

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Scene Two

[*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view*]

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.
Enter Richard, Aumerle, [the Bishop of] Carlisle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones

1 Barkloughly; *cf. n.* 2 brooks: *endures*
23 conjuration: *adjuration, prayer*

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Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Car. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

29-32 *Cf. n.* 34 security: *false confidence*
36 Discomfortable: *discouraging*
49 antipodes: *the inhabitants of the other hemisphere*

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Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your Grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;

55 balm: *holy oil used in consecrating a king*
58 press'd: *recruited, levied*
59 shrewd: *accursed*
64 near: *nearer*
65 discomfort: *discouragement*

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For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter [*Sir Stephen*] *Scroop.*

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,

92 deliver: *utter to* 99 fellow: *equal*

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So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

114 clap: *set briskly* female: *womanish* 115 arms: *armor*
116 beadsmen: *pensioners* 117 double-fatal; *cf. n.*
118 manage: *handle* bills; *cf. n.* 119 seat: *throne*
125 confines: *territories* 135 property: *essential nature*

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Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;

140 grav'd: *entombed*
153 model: *mold, close envelop*
161 rounds: *encircles*
162 antic: *buffoon*
163 Scoffing: *mocking*

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Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

166 self and vain conceit; *cf. n.*
168, 169 and . . . Comes: *and to him who has been thus humored, death comes*
176 subjected: *brought low; cf. n.*
179 prevent: *escape*
183 to fight: *by fighting*
189 change: *exchange*
190 over-blown: *past*

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Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
[*To Aumerle.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
Exeunt.

194 complexion: *visible aspect*
195 inclination: *character*
203 party: *side*
204 forth: *out*
209 Flint; *cf. n.*
212 ear: *plow*

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Scene Three

[*Wales. Before Flint Castle*]

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants [*and Forces*].

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, 'King Richard': alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your Grace mistakes; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter [*Henry*] *Percy.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
H. Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

4 private: *intimate*
14 taking . . . head: *being so forward*
15, 17 Mistake; *cf. n.*

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Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
H. Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. [*To North.*] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

40 banishment repeal'd; *cf. n.* 52 totter'd: *ragged*
53 appointments: *equipment* perus'd: *surveyed*

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Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parley sounded without, and answer within; then a Flourish. Enter on the walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

Boling. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [*To Northumberland.*] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

69 lightens: *flashes*
73 fearful: *apprehensive*
76 awful: *reverential*

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Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yon methinks he stands,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope

83 them: *themselves*
89 That: *refers to 'you' implied*
94 testament: *will, figuratively*
98 maid-pale: *pale as a girl*
102 uncivil: *discourteous*

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Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
[*Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke.*]
[*To Aumerle.*] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,

113 lineal royalties: *prerogatives due to descent*
114 Enfranchisement: *restoration to free man's rights*
117 barbed: *armored*
127 debase: *degrade*
136 sooth: *cajolery*

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Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

140 give scope: *give free play*
147-152 *Cf. n.*
162 lodge: *bend over*
164 play . . . wantons: *trifle*
167 fretted: *worn*

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Within the earth; and, there inlaid: 'There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.'
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may 't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

[*Enter King Richard, and his Attendants.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.
He kneels down.
My gracious lord,—

168 inlaid: *inscribed* 169 digg'd: *who digged*
175 make a leg: *make an obeisance*
176 base court: *outer court of castle*
178 glistering: *shining* Phaethon; *cf. n.*
179 Wanting: *lacking* manage: *skill to handle* jades: *horses*
185 fondly: *foolishly*

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K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Cousin, it is so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

Flourish. Exeunt.

192 Me rather had: *I'd rather*
203 want . . . remedies: *lack what will cure their cause*
205 heir: *i.e., successor*

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Scene Four

[*Langley. The Duke of York's Garden*]

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
First Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
First Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.
First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing would weeping do me good,

3-5 *Cf. n.* 7, 8 *Cf. n.* 22 *Cf. n.*

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And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

First Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:

26 unto: *staked against*
28 Against: *in expectation of* forerun: *announced as by a harbinger*
31 oppression: *burden*
36 even: *uniform* government: *domain under our control*
40 pale: *fence*
42 model: *plan on a small scale* estate: *condition*
46 knots: *parterres, flower-beds*

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He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

First Serv. What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O! what pity is it
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden. We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

First Serv. What! think you then the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death through want of speaking.

[*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

56 dress'd: *cultivated*
57 time of year: *proper seasons*
60 confound: *destroy*
69 'Tis doubt: *it is apprehended*
72 press'd to death: *suffocated; cf. n.*

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What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow!

Exeunt [*Queen and Ladies*].

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.

75 suggested: *tempted*
79 Divine: *prophesy*
83 hold: *grasp*
93 embassage: *errand*

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Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

Scene One

[*Westminster Hall*]

Enter as to the Parliament [*—the Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne, the Lords temporal on the left, the Commons below—*] *Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey,* [*Bishop of*] *Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster* [*and another Lord*]. *Herald, Officers, and Bagot.*

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

104 fall: *let drop*
106 ruth: *pity*
4 wrought: *cf. n.*
105 rue: *a garden plant, 'herb of grace'* 1-90 *Cf. n.*
5 office: *duty* timeless: *untimely*

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I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

11 Is . . . length; *cf. n.* 21 stars; *cf. n.*
24 attainder: *dishonoring accusation*
25 manual seal: *seal worn on hand in a ring*
33 sympathy: *equality of rank* 39 turn: *fling back*

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Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fits. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
H. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fits. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fits. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

47 extremest: *last*
52 I . . . like: *I challenge the world to the same trial*
57 sets, throw; *cf. n.* 62 in presence: *present*

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Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

Fits. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,

72 forward: *eager* 77 tie: *obligate* 85 try: *prove*
86 rest under gage: *await decision* 90 trial: *i.e., by combat*
94 Streaming: *causative, 'making to stream out'*
96 toil'd: *wearied*

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And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York [*attended*].

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then, true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

115 Worst; *cf. n.*
117-119 noble; *cf. n.*
119 noblesse: *nobility*
120 Learn: *teach*
123 but: *unless*
124 apparent: *obvious*
125 figure: *symbol*

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Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O! if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

127 planted: *established* 129 forfend: *avert*
141 kind: *family* confound: *mingle indistinguishably*
149 child, etc.; *cf. n.* 151 Of: *on a charge of* 154 suit; *cf. n.*

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York. I will be his conduct. *Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
[*To Carlisle.*] Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter Richard and York [*and Officers bearing the Crown*].

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but He, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!...Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.

157 conduct: *escort* 159 sureties: *bail* answer: *trial*
165 insinuate: *ingratiate myself* 168 favours: *faces*
169 sometime: *formerly*

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Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done:
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, (i) no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;

185 owes: *possesses*
194-198 care: *with double meaning, 'anxiety' and 'grief'*
199 tend: *accompany*
201, 202 *Cf. n.*
210 release: *surrender*

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My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

North. [*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

225 state: *settled order* profit: *progress* 238 bait: *harass*
239 *Cf. n.* 241 sour: *harsh* 243 dispatch: *hasten*

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K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops.
Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly good—
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

246 sort: *'crew'* 252 state: *grandeur* 254 haught: *haughty*
256 *Cf. n.* 264 be sterling: *pass current*

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Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter one with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

272 *Cf. n. on 154 above*
281 beguile: *flatter*
284 wink: *close their eyes*

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That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. 'Fair cousin!' I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Guard.*]
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation; lords, prepare yourselves.
Exeunt [*all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle*].
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

308 to: *as*
316 convey: *conduct; cf. n.*
319 Wednesday; *cf. n.*

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Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene One

[*London. A Street leading to the Tower*]

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

329 bury: *conceal* intents: *designs*
2 ill-erected: *built under evil auspices* tower: *the Tower of London*

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Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France,
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,

11 model: *ground-plan; cf. n.*
14 hard-favour'd: *ugly-featured*
15 *Cf. n.*
20 sworn brother; *cf. n.*
24 new world's: *heavenly*
25 profane: *of this world*
34 Which: *refers to Richard*
37 hence: *to go hence*

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As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both

42 betid: *befallen* 43 quite: *reward*
46 For why: *because* sympathize: *have a fellow feeling for*
52 Pomfret; *cf. n.* 53 order ta'en: *arrangements made*
58 gathering head: *i.e., like a boil* 66 converts: *turns*

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To worthy danger and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.
North. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy ways with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

68 worthy: *well justified* 74 unkiss: *undo with a kiss*
77 pines: *afflicts* 80 Hallowmas: *All Saints' Day, November 1*
88 near; *cf. n.*

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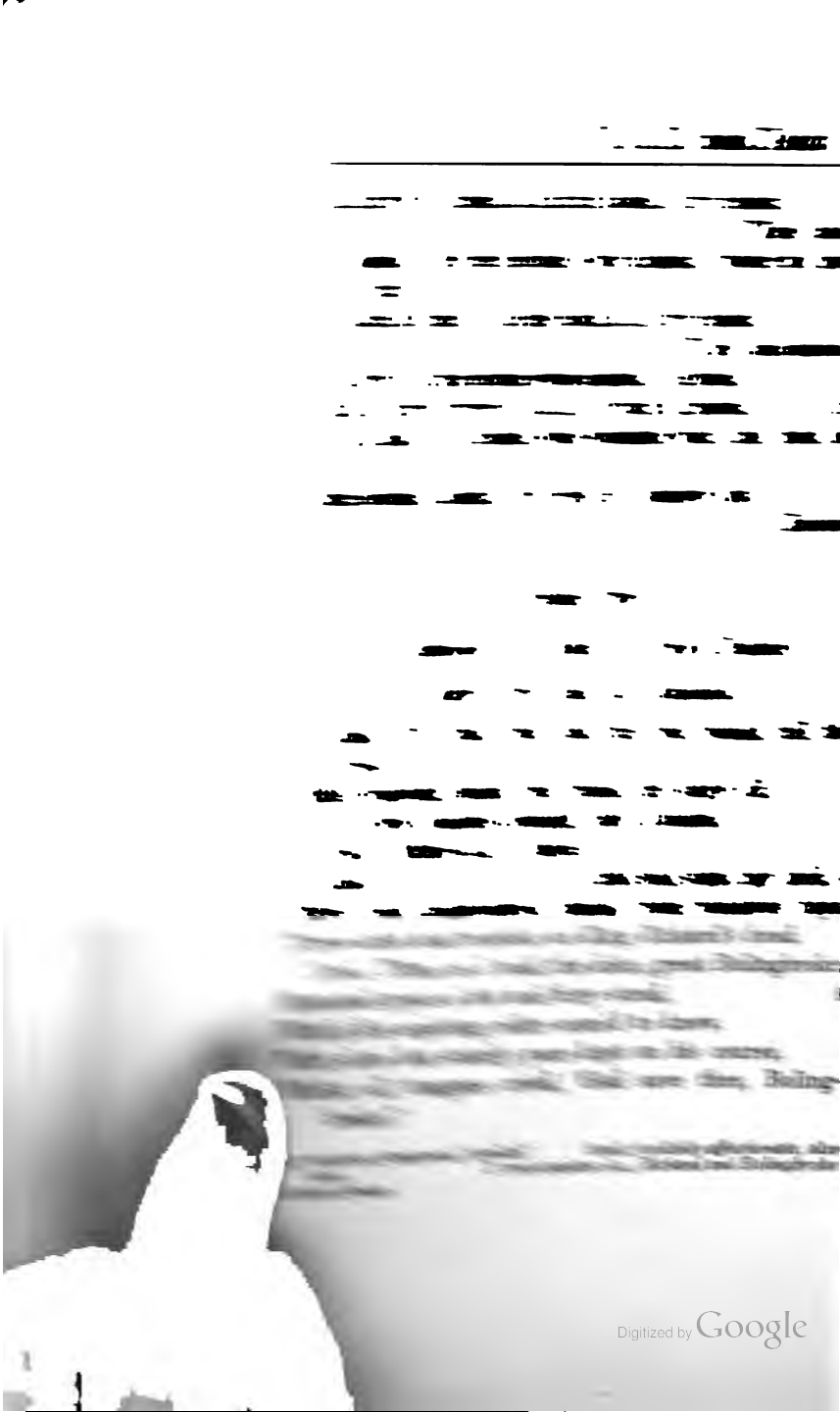

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You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen':
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, 'God save him';
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

16 painted imagery; *cf. n.*
25 idly: *heedlessly*
38 bound: *limit* contents: *wishes*
40 allow: *approve*
41 my son; *cf. n.*

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York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?

43 Rutland; *cf. n.* 46, 47 *Cf. n.* 51 prime: *maturity*
52 justs: *tournaments* triumphs: *public festivities*
56 without: *outside*

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'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.
Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*]
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.

65 bond: *agreement* 74 *Cf. n.*
79 appeach: *inform against* 81 peace: *be silent*
82 content: *tranquil* 83 answer: *atone for* 85 amaz'd: *dazed*

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[*To Servant.*] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. [*Exit Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! *Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,

91 teeming: *child-bearing*
98 And . . . hands: *'reciprocally signed an agreement'*
99 none: *not of them*
112 post: *in haste*

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And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be gone. *Exeunt.*

Scene Three

[*Windsor. A Room in the Castle*]

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
H. Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
H. Percy. His answer was: he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

1 unthrifty: *ne'er-do-well; cf. n.*
9 watch: *Elizabethan equivalent of constables*
10 wanton: *spoilt child*
16 stews: *brothels*
passengers: *passers-by*
15 gallant: *young blood*

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And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparks of better hope,
Which elder years may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. [*Kneels.*] For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire.
[*Aumerle locks the door.*] *The Duke of York knocks at the door and crieth.*
York. Within. My liege, beware! look to thyself;

18 favour; *cf. n.* 20 desperate: *reckless*
32 Unless: *supply 'I receive'*

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Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. [*Drawing.*] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke unlocks the door; and afterwards relocks it.*]

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

43 secure: *falsely confident* 61 sheer: *pure*

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And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. Within. What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. [*Within.*] A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
[*Aumerle unlocks the door.*]
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

66 digressing: *erring* 69 scraping: *parsimonious* 80 *Cf. n.*
88 none other can: *can love no one else* 89 make: *do*

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Duch. Sweet York, be patient. [*Kneels.*]
Hear me, gentle liege.
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*]
York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*]
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say 'stand up';
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon,' for kings' mouths so meet.

99 grace: *mercy* 118 meet: *fitting*

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York. Speak it in French, king; say, *'pardonnez moy.'*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word.
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.

119 pardonnez moy: *excuse me (from granting it)*
124 chopping: *changing the meaning of words*
128 rehearse: *recite*
137 brother-in-law; *cf. n.*
138 consorted: *leagued*
140 order: *regulate the dispatch of*

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Uncle, farewell: and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. *Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*Another Room in the Castle*]

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

Exeunt.

Scene Five

[*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle*]

Enter Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:

Scene Four; *cf. n.*
11 rid: *make away with*
1 studying: *pondering*
7 wistly: *wistfully*
Scene Five; *cf. n.*

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And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones'; and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;

6 prove: *establish as* 8 still-breeding: *continually breeding*
9 little world; *cf. n.* 10 humours: *temperaments*
13 scruples: *doubts* 13, 14 word: *the Gospel*
15, 16 *Cf. St. Matthew* II. *28; 19. 14, 24* 17 postern: *small gate*
21 ragged: *rough* 25 silly: *poor*
26 refuge their shame: *cover their shame with the reflection*

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Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. *The music plays.*
Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;

38 straight: *immediately* 43 proportion: *rhythm*
45 daintiness: *fastidiousness* 46 check: *reprove*
50 clock; *cf. n.* 51 jar: *cause to tick, or indicate by ticking*
60 Jack: *automaton striking the hours* [*at St. Dunstan's*]

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For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

62 holp: *helped*
66 brooch: *ornament; cf. n.*
68 *Cf. n.*
76 yearn'd: *grieved*

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Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keep. [*To the Groom.*] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit Groom.*

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Strikes the Keeper.*]

Keep. Help, help, help!

The murderers rush in.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*]
Go thou and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another.*] *Here Exton strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

94 jauncing: *hard-riding* 108 room: *place*

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That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest and give them burial here.
Exeunt.

Scene Six

[*Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle*]

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke [*and*] *York, with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is: I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

110 staggers: *makes to reel*
113 gross: *material*
3 Cicester; *cf. n.*

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The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fits. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlisle.

H. Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with [Attendants bearing] a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

10 discoursed: *narrated*
22 abide: *await*
26 joy: *enjoy*
20 clog: *weight; cf. n.*
25 secret: *private*
33 Bordeaux; *cf. n.*

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Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

Exeunt.

35 of slander: *i.e., that will give rise to slander*
40 him murdered: *him who is murdered*
48 sullen: *mournful* incontinent: *at once* 51 grace: *honor*

FINIS.

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NOTES

I. i. For an understanding of the action of this play, it is necessary to go back to the events of the years 1387 and 1388. Richard, then aged twenty, had surrounded himself with favorites, mostly newly created peers. Five members of the older nobility: Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle; Richard, Earl of Arundel; Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham; Henry of Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, son of John of Gaunt, who was another uncle of the king's;—these five so-called 'lords appellant' in full Parliament accused of treason five of Richard's favorites. The Parliament, known as the 'Merciless,' found the latter guilty, and three were put to death, the other two saving their lives by flight. The king himself was forced to permit a council composed of Gloucester and his adherents to govern in his stead. By 1389, however, Richard was strong enough to dismiss the council and rule in his own name with the approval of Parliament. Biding his time and never forgiving the affront he had received from the 'lords appellant,' in 1397 Richard, hearing that the three older of them were plotting against him, suddenly arrested Gloucester, Arundel, and Warwick, on charges based on their acts in 1388. Warwick begged off and was banished; Arundel was beheaded, and his brother Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, was banished (see II. i. 282); Gloucester was sent a prisoner to Calais in charge of Thomas Mowbray, and there died, secretly murdered (as all believed) by order of the king. Mowbray and Boling-

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broke, on the other hand, were apparently in high favor, being made dukes of Norfolk and Hereford respectively, but the former seems, reasoning from past events, to have remarked to Bolingbroke that neither of them was quite safe from the king's memory. Bolingbroke thereupon violated this confidence and in full Parliament assembled at Shrewsbury (January 30, 1398) accused Norfolk of treason and offered to sustain his charges in single combat. Both were put under arrest, and the matter was reopened in Parliament meeting at Windsor (April 28-29, 1398), as related in this scene. Thus, by beginning here and assuming knowledge of preceding events, Shakespeare was able to concentrate attention upon the last two years of Richard's life, namely, from April 29, 1398, to March 12, 1400, the date on which a body officially declared to be his was exhibited in St. Paul's.

I. i. 3. *Hereford.* Probably pronounced *Harford,* in two syllables. It is spelled *Herford* in the Quartos and First Folio. In England, to this day, *er,* especially in proper names, is frequently pronounced like *ar.*

I. i. 4. *boisterous late appeal.* That is, at the Parliament at Shrewsbury (see preceding note).

I. i. 34. *appellant.* A knight formally accusing another and ready to prove his charge in a trial by combat.

I. i. 59. This line may be paraphrased, 'Supposing for the occasion that he is not cousin to the king.' One had to apologize before making accusations against a member of the royal family.

I. i. 131. *to fetch his queen.* Two years before, in 1396.

I. i. 153. *choler.* A play on the two meanings of the word, 'bilious disorder' and 'anger.'

I. i. 170. *baffled.* Literally, hung up by the heels,

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a punishment for recreant knights; here used in exaggeration for 'treated with contumely.'

I. i. 174. *lions make leopards tame.* Lions are the emblem of royalty and moreover were quartered on the king's coat of arms; the Mowbray arms bear a leopard as crest. Mowbray's reply alludes to the verse, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?' Jeremiah 13. 23.

I. i. 192. *sound . . . parle.* To sound a particular call on drum or trumpet to signify to one's adversary the desire for conference under a truce. Here figurative, but frequently literal in this play.

I. i. 204. *officers-at-arms.* Heralds or pursuivants, officers of ambassadorial privileges charged with the ceremonial and diplomatic functions connected with chivalric combat, tournaments, and public ceremonies.

I. ii. 11. *seven sons.* See Genealogical Table, Appendix F. Besides the five there shown, Edward III had two sons named William, both of whom died in infancy.

I. ii. 14, 15. *dried by nature's course . . . by the Destinies cut.* Two were living, two died in infancy, Edward the Black Prince and Lionel died natural deaths in maturity, and only Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, died by violence. A baseless rumor of poisoning was attached to Lionel's sudden death in Italy.

I. ii. 53. *recreant.* A knight overthrown or disabled in a combat could be killed by his conqueror, or spared if he begged for mercy. In the latter case he would be called 'recreant.'

cousin. Used by Shakespeare indiscriminately for all the less immediate relationships such as cousin, nephew, and aunt. The Duchess was Bolingbroke's aunt and sister-in-law.

I. iii. 121. *Withdraw.* 'Come aside for private

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conference.' At this the king and his councillors would go up stage or entirely off, while the trumpets play 'a long flourish' to indicate a lapse of time before their return.

I. iii. 134. *Which.* The antecedent is difficult to discover; it may be 'aspect' (l. 127) or 'pride' (l. 129). The Folio text of this passage, which omits ll. 129-133, is still more incoherent.

I. iii. 174. *compassionate.* The meaning of 'compassionate' is disputed. It may mean (1) 'self-pitying'; (2) 'sorrowfully lamenting'; (3) 'piteous.' In any case the drift of the whole passage is that an appeal to sentiment is in vain.

I. iii. 239-242; 268-293. These lines, present in all the Quartos and omitted in the Folio, seem, like 129-133, to have been cut from the acting version for the sake of shortening the scene. See App. C.

I. iii. 274. *journeyman.* A workman who has finished his apprenticeship and now hires out by the day, in many cases traveling about from place to place for the sake of experience.

I. iv. 12-14. 'For' = 'because.' 'That' (l. 13) refers to his reluctance to profane the word 'farewell.' Aumerle says that he could not wish Bolingbroke to fare well, and therefore pretended to be so overcome with emotion as to be unable to speak at all.

I. iv. 43. *too great a court.* 'He kept the greatest port [state], and mainteined the most plentifull house that ever any king in England did either before this time or since. For there resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. . . . And in gorgeous and costlie apparrell they exceeded all measure, not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sump-

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tuous you may be sure for their estates.' (*Holinshed's Chronicles Richard II 1398-1400 and Henry V*, edited by R. S. Wallace and Alma Hansen. Oxford. 1917. p. 48.)

I. iv. 45. *farm our royal realm.* 'The common brute [rumor] ran, that the king had set to farme the realme of England, unto sir William Scroop . . . to sir John Bushie, sir John Bagot, and sir Henrie Greene knights.' (*Ibid.*, p. 18.) This means letting out the privilege of collecting the taxes for a fixed sum paid in advance.

I. iv. 48. *blank charters.* Blank acknowledgments of indebtedness, which wealthy citizens were compelled to sign, the sum being filled out at the pleasure of the king or his treasurer.

II. i. 2. *unstaid.* There are three possible meanings: (1) the opposite of 'staid,' i.e., 'frivolous'; (2) 'unchecked'; (3) 'unsupported.'

II. i. 18-23. In the First Quarto, in general the most authentic text of *Richard II*, l. 18 reads: 'As praises of whose taste the wise are found [fond];' the First Folio has, 'As praises of his state: then there are sound.' Craig adopts the latter reading, emending 'sound' to 'found.' The present editor sees no good argument for rejecting the authority of the Quarto in this instance, and reads 'praises,' 'Lascivious metres' (l. 19), and 'reports of fashions' (l. 21) as a series of appositives to 'sounds' (l. 17), 'as' being equivalent to 'such as.'

II. i. 94. 'Being sick myself to see it, and seeing disaster in thee.'

II. i. 103. *waste.* A reference to legal terms,—'destruction of houses, woods, lands, &c., done by the tenant to the prejudice of the heir.' Here the extent of the destruction.

II. i. 107, 108. *possess'd.* A play on two mean-

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ings of the word, namely, 'to be put in possession of' and 'to be controlled by an evil spirit.'

II. i. 114. As king, Richard was above the law; as landlord, he was, like any subject, its servant.

II. i. 126. *pelican.* According to the medieval natural history, the pelican fed its young by wounding its breast and letting them drink the blood. Here (and in *Lear* III iv. 74: 'those pelican daughters') used as if the young of their own initiative wounded the old bird.

II. i. 158. *no venom else.* Alluding to the fact that there are no snakes in Ireland.

II. i. 168, 169. *prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage.* Holinshed (*op. cit.,* p. 10) states that Richard broke up a match between Bolingbroke and the daughter of the Duc de Berri by sending the Earl of Salisbury expressly to 'surmize by untrue suggestion, heinous offenses against him,' and to forbid the King of France to permit the marriage.

II. i. 203. *letters-patents.* Documents authorizing him to do homage for his inheritance by proxies in his enforced absence. Under the feudal system of land tenure, the heir of a deceased vassal had to do homage to his lord and take an oath of fealty, in order to secure his right to succeed to the fief, or land and revenues, held by his predecessor.

II. i. 204, 205. *sue His livery.* To institute a suit as heir to obtain delivery of lands held by the court of wards.

II. i. 248. *And quite lost their hearts.* Since this phrase is repeated in l. 249, and since l. 248 can be read as verse only with difficulty, it is probable that we have here a typesetter's error. It stands thus, however, in all the Quartos and Folios; hence editors have not attempted emendation.

II. i. 251. *benevolences.* Compulsory 'free-will'

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aid demanded by the king from his subjects. The first instance of this practice is recorded of Edward IV in 1473, so that its imputation to Richard II is an anachronism.

II. i. 254. *compromise.* In 1397 Brest and Cherbourg had been given back to their rightful owners, upon payment of the ransom for which they had been held since 1378.

II. i. 282. *His brother, etc.* A line has been lost here. 'The archbishop late of Canterbury' was Thomas Arundel, brother of the Richard, Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded as a result of Richard's *coup* in 1397. The latter's son Thomas was, according to history, a member of Bolingbroke's expedition, and was, moreover, the man who escaped from the Duke of Exeter's house. Ritson suggested inserting between ll. 280 and 281 a line almost word for word from Holinshed, 'The son and heir of the late earl of Arundel.' This certainly makes sense, and no worse meter than the other lines of the passage.

II. i. 292. *Imp out our broken wing.* A figure from the art of falconry; to engraft feathers in a hawk's wing to restore or improve the powers of flight.

II. ii. Historically, Queen Isabel was at this time but a child of ten, having been married to Richard in 1396 by her father, Charles VI of France.

II. ii. 18. *perspectives.* Boards cut or channeled into a series of oblique flats or flanges, to which strips of a picture were pasted, so that, looked at from one side ('awry'), the whole picture appeared, but viewed from straight in front ('rightly') only a confusion was to be seen. Somewhat similar devices are used to-day for advertisements.

II. ii. 30-32. A difficult passage. Punctuated as in the text, it may be paraphrased, 'I cannot but be so grievously sad as makes me faint and shrink with

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heavy (melancholy) nothing, though in thinking I think on no real thought.' The Queen plays on the words 'heavy,' 'nothing,' and 'think' until the meaning is nearly lost. Bushy's subsequent speech is fully justified, ' 'Tis nothing but conceit.'

II. ii. 37. 'Or else the nothing that I am grieving about has something to it.'

II. ii. 38. *in reversion.* Referring to the state of affairs in which a payment or benefit is to be received only after a stipulated event.

II. ii. 57. This is the First Quarto reading; the Folio has, 'And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?' In the present reading, 'revolted faction' may be taken as appositive to 'rest.'

II. ii. 116, 117. These lines are hopelessly unmetrical, but need not on that account be considered textually corrupt.

II. iii. 21. *young Harry Percy.* Hotspur was actually thirty-six in 1399, two years older than Bolingbroke, but Shakespeare here and in *1 Henry IV* prefers to regard him as a fiery youth, precocious in the art of war.

II. iii. 128. *to the bay.* A figure from hunting, to pursue the quarry until it will run no longer, but stops and turns on the hunters.

II. iv. Richard, learning of Bolingbroke's landing a few days after it occurred, sent the Earl of Salisbury ahead of him from Ireland to Wales to gather him an army. He collected, Holinshed says, forty thousand men of Cheshire and Wales, but a rumor that the king was dead disheartened them so that they dispersed at the end of a fortnight. The portents mentioned (ll. 8-10) are from Holinshed, but not in this connection.

III. i. 25. *impress.* In Elizabethan usage, a symbolic figure with an appropriate motto attached, distinguished from an heraldic emblem in that it was

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not hereditary, but was selected or designed by the individual using it, like a modern book-plate. Also spelled 'impresa' and 'imprese.' An Elizabethan description of one follows: 'An Impreſe with a circle, and a hand with a sharpe stile pointing towards the center with this motto: *Hic labor, hoc opus.*' (Edmonds: *Observations on Cæsar's Commentaries.* 1604. VII, vii. II. 60.)

III. i. 43. *Glendower.* A learned and powerful Welsh gentleman, the strongest personality of his time in Wales. He had made no forays upon the English before 1400, and was not in open rebellion until a year later. Some editors suspect l. 43 of being interpolated, because of the anachronism and because l. 42 and l. 44 rime.

III. ii. 1. *Barkloughly Castle.* Not identified. Holinshed has 'Barclowlie.' The Monk of Evesham has 'Hertlowli,' which may mean Harlech. Historically Richard landed at Milford Haven in the westernmost part of South Wales, between July 22 and 25, before the events of Sc. i.

III. ii. 29-32. These lines, omitted from the Folio, are very obscure as printed in the Quartos, but with 'if,' inserted in l. 30 by Pope, and with modern punctuation, they seem to mean, 'if Heaven is willing and we are unwilling (i.e., hang back), we refuse heaven's offer, the proffered means, etc.' Even within the play, Aumerle feels called upon to explain them to the king.

III. ii. 117. *double-fatal yew.* Fatal in two ways, the yew having poisonous leaves and being the favorite wood for long-bows.

III. ii. 118. *bills.* A medieval weapon having a long wooden handle fitted at one end with a broad blade or axe-like head.

III. ii. 166. *self and vain conceit.* Vain fancies about himself. 'Conceit' never has its modern meaning in Shakespeare.

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III. ii. 176. *subjected.* Used with a play on the relation between 'king' and 'subject,' and the literal Latin sense of 'thrown down.'

III. ii. 209. *Flint Castle.* In North Wales, across the estuary of the Dee from Chester. Richard actually went to Conway Castle.

III. iii. 15, 17. *Mistake.* A play on words; besides echoing 'taking' (l. 14) and 'take' (l. 16), Bolingbroke means 'take not amiss,' and York, 'make no error about the heavens' being, etc.'

III. iii. 40. *banishment repeal'd.* A Latin construction, equivalent to 'repeal of my banishment.'

III. iii. 147-152. Richard offers to exchange the insignia of a king for those of a hermit or pilgrim.

III. iii. 178. *Phaethon.* In classical myth, a youth who presumed to drive the chariot of the Sun, but was unable to control the horses. The 'unruly jades' ran away with him, scorching the earth and dashing him to his death.

III. iv. 3-5. *bowls, rubs, bias.* Bowls is an ancient game played on a smooth oblong green about forty yards long, with one small ball called the 'jack' and twelve large heavy ones called 'bowls.' The jack is thrown out as a mark, and the object of the game is for one side to have one of its bowls nearest the jack at the end of the bout. 'Bias' denotes the intentional one-sidedness of the bowl, caused nowadays by shaving off one side, and formerly by inserting a piece of lead in one part of the circumference. 'Rub' is the name given to any natural obstruction or inequality in the green.

III. iv. 7, 8. *measure.* A play on three meanings of the word: (1) 'time to music'; (2) 'proportion or moderation'; (3) 'a stately dance.'

III. iv. 22. *And I could sing, etc.* The Queen apparently means, 'Weeping can do me no good; if my troubles were as light as that, I could sing.'

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III. iv. 72. *press'd to death.* A form of medieval punishment in which the victim was slowly killed by having weights piled upon his body.

IV. i. 1-90. This passage follows Holinshed closely. These events, however, took place on November 3, 1399, while the deposition of the king (who never actually appeared in Westminster Hall) occurred on September 30.

IV. i. 4. *wrought it with the king.* 'Persuaded the king to order it,' or perhaps simply, 'aided the king to accomplish it.'

IV. i. 11. *Is not my arm of length?* 'Is not my arm long when it can reach Calais,' where Gloucester was in prison?

IV. i. 21. *my fair stars.* The high station given him by the propitious stars that, according to medieval belief, governed his birth.

IV. i. 57. *sets.* A figure from dicing. 'Sets' refers to setting up a stake against the one casting the dice. 'I'll throw at all' means, 'I'll cover all your bets.'

IV. i. 115. *Worst in this royal presence.* This may refer to the bishop's comparatively low rank in that assembly, or to the unwelcome nature of what he is about to say. Carlisle really made this speech October 22, three weeks after the deposition.

IV. i. 117-119. *noble.* A play on the two meanings, 'high in rank' and 'lofty in character.'

IV. i. 149. *child, child's children.* The reading of the Quartos and the Folio; the thought seems to be identical with that of 'children's children,' a reading adopted by Pope and many subsequent editors.

IV. i. 154. *commons' suit.* 'Request was made by the commons, that sith king Richard has resigned, and was lawfully deposed from his roiall dignitie, he might have iudgement decreed against him . . . and that the causes of his deposition might be published

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through the realme for satisfieng of the people.' (Holinshed, *op. cit.*, p. 62.)

Ll. 154-157 give the cue for the unhistorical scene of Richard's abdication in presence of Parliament. The deposition scene as a whole (ll. 154-318) was not published and perhaps was only surreptitiously performed during Queen Elizabeth's reign, first appearing in the Fourth Quarto, 1608, for she did not relish the portrayal of a monarch's deposition, and is reported to have said, 'Know ye not that we are Richard II?' L. 321 is evidence that the scene formed an integral part of Shakespeare's original version.

IV. i. 201. *Ay, no; no, ay.* Punning on 'ay' meaning 'yes,' 'I,' the pronoun, and 'nothing,' of which the 'o' was pronounced long. 'Since I (ay) must be no thing, "no ay" is no no (or, not "No").' The wordplay is as abject as the king himself.

IV. i. 239. *with Pilate wash your hands.* 'When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.' (St. Matthew 27. 24.)

IV. i. 256. *not that name was given me at the font.* One of Holinshed's sources states that Richard was called John of Bordeaux after his fall, and rumors were common that he was illegitimate. The name John came from the circumstance that as a very young infant, being in danger of death, he was hastily baptized as John, and later, for family reasons, rechristened Richard.

IV. i. 316, 317. *convey.* A play on the Elizabethan meanings of the word,—'to escort' and 'to steal.' Thieves were called conveyers.

IV. i. 319. *On Wednesday next.* It is significant for a study of Shakespeare's handling of history that

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he writes a deposition scene that is not in his sources, and omits a spectacular coronation that is.

V. i. 11. *model where old Troy did stand.* In this series of metaphors of departed greatness, this phrase seems to mean that Richard is to his former greatness as the now desolate traces of foundations (model = ground-plan) of Ilium are to its pristine state.

V. i. 15. *alehouse guest.* Another 'proportional' metaphor. Richard, with whom Grief lodges, is as an inn (i.e., hostelry of high class), while Bolingbroke, with whom Triumph is a guest, is intrinsically but an alehouse.

V. i. 20. *sworn brother.* In medieval chivalry, one knight formally pledged to comradeship in arms with another knight.

V. i. 52. *Pomfret.* Pontefract Castle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, south of York and east of Leeds. Queen Isabel never actually had this meeting with her husband, and did not go to France until June 28, 1401. Richard was imprisoned in the Tower continuously from his arrival in London, August 31 or September 1, until he was sent out towards Pomfret, October 29, 1399.

V. i. 88. *than near, be ne'er the near.* The three *near's* sounded alike in Elizabethan pronunciation. The last is an old form of 'nearer.' The sense of the passage, as here punctuated, is, 'Better be far off than, being close at hand, be never the nearer.'

V. ii. 16. *With painted imagery.* Apparently merely attributive to 'walls,' with no reference to 'had said.' It was the custom to hang out tapestry and the cheaper painted imitations of it to decorate the fronts of houses on the day of a procession, as we use flags.

V. ii. 41. *my son.* Actually Aumerle's own mother, Isabel of Spain, died in 1394. This Duchess of York was the Duke's second wife. See App. F.

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V. ii. 43. *You must call him Rutland now.* As a sequel to the disclosures of Bagot indicated in IV. i. 1-90, Aumerle had been deprived of the title of Duke of Albemarle, reverting to that of Earl of Rutland.

V. ii. 46, 47. Figurative language for 'Who are now the favorites at the court of the new (and upstart) king?'

V. ii. 74. *Ho, who is within there?* The regular formula for calling a servant in Elizabethan times. 'Within' refers to the space behind the wainscot partition across one end of the room.

V. iii. 1. *unthrifty son.* Henry, Prince of Wales, the Prince Hal of *1* and *2 Henry IV*, was at this time twelve years old, but Shakespeare presents him as older than this, anticipating the treatment of him in the later plays.

V. iii. 18. *favour.* It was customary at tournaments for a knight to wear on his helmet a glove or similar token bestowed by his lady-love.

V. iii. 80. *'The Beggar and the King.'* Alluding to the title of the old ballad, *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid.* (*Riverside British Poets, Ballads*, iv. 195.)

V. iii. 137. *brother-in-law.* John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, who had married Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

V. iv. Shakespeare chose the last of three accounts given by Holinshed of Richard's death: namely, that he was starved to death by being served rich food and not permitted to eat of it; that he starved himself, being 'so beaten out of heart'; and that Exton was set on to murder him. The Folio, which supplies the act and scene division throughout the play, has no indication of a new scene here. The Quartos, which do not indicate scene divisions, simply have the stage direction, 'Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.'

V. v. The date of this scene is traditionally

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St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1400, historically some time between the middle of January and of February.

V. v. 9. *little world.* A literal translation of 'microcosm.' It was a favorite theory of Renaissance moralists that man epitomized within himself the organization of the universe or cosmos.

V. v. 50. *clock.* Richard carries the figure out into the elements of the clock: 'jar' (l. 51) perhaps refers to the pendulum; 'watches' (l. 52) may mean the markings on the dial; the 'dial's point' (l. 53), or hand, the 'outward watch' (l. 52), or dial, and the bell are more obvious. The royal prisoner's figure is not perfectly proportional, for he makes his groans strike his heart as the sound strikes the bell, an absurdity. But we must not expect too much from a melancholy man in solitary confinement, probably on the brink of insanity.

V. v. 66. *brooch.* Love for Richard is a strange ornament to be worn in this world where everybody hates him.

V. v. 68. *cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.* A 'groat' was fourpence, one-third of a shilling, a 'royal' was a coin of ten shillings or thirty groats, a 'noble' was a coin of six shillings eightpence or twenty groats; hence there is ten groats' difference between a 'royal prince' and a 'noble peer,' and the king holds that the latter is worth only half his nominal value.

V. vi. 3. *Cicester.* The burning of Cirencester and the suppression of the Abbot of Westminster's rebellion actually took place before the death of Richard.

V. vi. 20. *clog of conscience.* Holinshed (*op. cit.*, p. 76) gave the cue for this line in saying that the abbot 'for thought fell into a sudden palsie, and shortly after, without speech, ended his life.'

V. vi. 33. *Richard of Bordeaux.* So called because he was born there.

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APPENDIX A

Sources of the Play

The chief source of *Richard II* was the second edition of Raphael Holinshed's chronicle.[1] We are assured that Shakespeare used the second edition by the fact that the portent of the withered bay-trees appears there and not in the first edition (see Boswell-Stone, *Shakespeare's Holinshed*, p. x., for a score of similar instances from other chronicle plays). From Holinshed Shakespeare drew practically all his historical material, and in general he shows no knowledge of facts or explanations of events recorded by other historians. Possible exceptions to this statement are as follows:

i. The allusion to Mowbray's fighting in the Holy Land (IV. i. 92-96) may have come from Stow's *Annals*.

ii. The business of actually handing the crown to Bolingbroke (IV. i. 181-183), not in Holinshed, may have come from Berners's Froissart, xiv. 220. It is also in Daniel, ii. 112.

iii. Shakespeare may have drawn from other plays on the subject then extant.

iv. He may have been influenced by Daniel's *The First Fowre Bookes of the ciuile wars between the two houses of* Lancaster *and* Yorke. 1595.

The two latter possibilities need to be discussed in detail. The manuscript diary of Dr. Simon For-

[1] *The first and second volumes of chronicles, comprising (1) The description and historie of England, (2) The description and historie of Ireland, (3) The description and history of Scotland. First collected and published by R. H., W. Harrison and others. Now augmented and continued to the yeare 1586 by J. Hooker alias Vowell and others.* In folio. 1587.

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man, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (Shakespearean excerpts reprinted in *Trans. New Shakspere Society*, 1875-1878, App. II.), refers to a play of Richard II, acted at the Globe Theater, April 30, 1611; unlike Shakespeare's, it began with Wat Tyler's rebellion and concerned itself with the machinations of the barons during Richard's tutelage. It seems to have been completely lost. Again, on the eve of the Essex rebellion (February 8, 1601), 'the play of deposing King Richard II' was performed before the conspirators. One of them, Sir Gilly Merrick, got Shakespeare's company to put it on, after a payment of a bonus of forty shillings to overcome their objection that 'the play was old and that they should have a loss in playing it, because few would come to it.' Camden refers to it as *'exoletam tragoediam.'* In spite of the fact that Shakespeare's *Richard II*, printed in quarto four times in ten years, is ill described as obsolete, the probabilities are in favor of its being the play concerned. It may well be that the players, reluctant to offend either Essex or the Queen, offered unpopularity as an excuse for demanding an extra sum as insurance against prosecution. Finally, there exists another play, *A Tragedy of Richard II, concluding with the Murder of the Duke of Gloster at Calais*, in a manuscript of about 1600, privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips in 1870, and reprinted in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, XXXV. 3-121. This is a rather crude play in a style between Greene's and Kyd's, dealing with Richard II's reign from his betrothal to Anne of Bohemia in 1382 to the murder of Gloucester in 1397. The German editor thinks, with good reason, that it was earlier than *Richard II* and unconnected with it. The hypothesis that it forms a 'first part' of Shakespeare's *Richard II*, written afterward, or continued by him, is disposed of by the following anomalies: (1) the death of the favorite, Green, who

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appears in Shakespeare; (2) Gloucester is killed by Lapoole and not by Norfolk; (3) the King is presented in an unsympathetic light throughout; (4) its end, with the King in the hands of the barons, does not join on with the beginning of Shakespeare's play.

Shakespeare's allusive treatment, it must be said, of the historical events of a reign two centuries removed from the time of his production presumes a familiarity on the part of the play-going public due either to other plays on the earlier part of the reign or to the persistent discussion of Richard II in poems like Daniel's and histories like Haywarde's *First Part of the Life and Raigne of Henrie the IV*. All these it is likely that Shakespeare used, not as source, but rather as background.

The first edition of the *Ciuile Wars* of Samuel Daniel (1595) stands in a different relation. R. G. White had the idea that two editions of Daniel's work appeared in 1595, the second of which showed several modifications in the sense of conformity to *Richard II*. Unfortunately, there is no objective evidence for this belief, and the modifications really date from 1599 and 1601. Aside from verbal parallels like *C. W.* I. 83 with III. ii. 106-111, I. 60 with I. i. 9, and IV. 90 with II. i. 44, there are at least two important departures from Holinshed common to both. One is the representation of Queen Isabel as of woman's estate, meeting and lamenting with her husband in his disgrace. The other is Richard's soliloquy in Pomfret Castle, just before his murder.

There is no proof that there was borrowing by either author from the other; since, however, in both cases Daniel's passages are cruder and tamer, besides being far from identical in substance with Shakespeare's, it seems more likely that the latter took the ideas of Daniel, infusing the soliloquy with

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his own richness of eloquence and imagination, and elaborating the one appearance of Queen Isabel into three, converting mere grief into premonition, dejection, and passionate reluctance of farewell. It is more in the nature of things for Shakespeare to color and dramatize a tame passage of a lesser poet (cf. his contemporary handling of Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*) than for Daniel to change and reduce Shakespeare's brilliant scenes to his own dull stanzas.

The following excerpts from Shakespeare's sources, if compared with the pertinent passages in the play, will show something of the extent and nature of his indebtedness and the freedom with which he dealt with such material:

From *Holinshed's Chronicles*, ed. Wallace and Hansen, pp. 70-71. Compare with V. iii.

. . . Except the earle of Rutland, by whose follie their practised conspiracie was brought to light and disclosed to king Henrie. For this earle of Rutland departing before from Westminster to see his father the duke of Yorke, as he sat at dinner, had his counterpane of the indenture of the confederacie in his bosome.

The father espieng it, would needs see what it was: and though the sonne humblie denied to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force tooke it out of his bosome; and perceiving the contents therof, in a great rage caused his horsses to be sadled out of hand, and spitefullie reprooving his sonne of treason, for whome he was become suertie and mainpernour for his good abearing in open parlement, he incontinentlie mounted on horsse-backe to ride towards Windsore to the king, to declare unto him the malicious intent of his complices. The earle of Rutland seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horsse, and rode another waie to Windsore in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castell gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saieng that he must needs deliver the keies to the king. When he came before the kings presence, he kneeled downe on his knees, beseeching him of mercie and forgivenesse, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everie thing had passed, obteined pardon. Therewith came his father, and being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken

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from his sonne, unto the king, who thereby perceiving his sonnes words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxenford. . . .

From Daniel's *Ciuile Wars*, ed. Grosart. II. 64-66; 90-91. Compare with V. ii. and V. i.

He that in glorie of his fortune sate,
Admiring what hee thought could neuer be,
Did feele his blood within salute his state,
And lift vp his reioycing soule, to see
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' aduancement of his long-desir'd degree;
When, prodigall of thankes, in passing by,
He resalutes them all, with chearefull eye.

Behind him, all aloofe, came pensiue on
The vnregarded King; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for spight) scarce lookt vpon:
Iudge, if hee did more enuie, or lament.
See what a wondrous worke this day is done;
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present:
In th' one, to shew the best of glories face;
In th' other, worse then worst of all disgrace.

Novv *Isabell*, the young afflicted Queene
(Whose yeares had neuer shew'd her but delights,
Nor louely eyes before had euer seene
Other then smiling ioyes, and ioyfull sights;
Borne great, matcht great, liv'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the worlds best benefits)
Had plac't her selfe, hearing her Lord should passe
That way, where she vnseene in secret was;

* * * * * *

(she recognizes him in the procession with difficulty, and seeing his misfortune, goes secretly to the Tower to comfort him.)

Entring the chamber, where he was alone
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)
Loathing th' vpbraiding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knowes him not the same:
When hauing giuen expresse command that none
Should presse to him; yet hearing some that came
Turnes angerly about his grieued eyes:
When, lo, his sweete afflicted Queene he spyes.

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Straight cleares his brow; and with a borrowed smile,
What, my deare Queene? welcome, my deare, he sayes:
And (striuing his owne passion to beguile,
And hide the sorrow which his eye betrayes)
Could speake no more; but wrings her hands, the while:
And then, Sweet Lady; and againe he stayes:
Th' excesse of ioy and sorrow both affordes
Affliction none, or but poore niggard wordes.

From *The Chronicle of Froissart: translated out of French by Sir John Bourchier Lord Berners.* (*The Tudor Translations*) 1903. Cap. CCXL. Vol. vi. p. 378. Compare with IV. i. 162-222.

And on a day the duke of Lancastre acompanyed with lordes, dukes, prelates, erles, barones, and knyghtes, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good townes, rode to the Towre, and there alyghted. Then kynge Rycharde was brought into the hall, aparelled lyke a kynge in his robes of estate, his septer in his hande, and his crowne on his heed. Than he stode up alone, nat holden nor stayed by no man, and sayde aloude: I have been kynge of Englande, duke of Aquytany, and lorde of Irelande, aboute xxii. yeres, whiche sygnory, royalte, cepter, crowne, and herytage, I clerely resygne here to my cosyn Henry of Lancastre: and I desyre hym here in this open presence, in entrynge of the same possessyon, to take this septour: and so delyvered it to the duke, who toke it. Than kynge Rycharde toke the crowne fro his heed with bothe his handes, and set it before hym, and sayd: Fayre cosyn, Henry duke of Lancastre, I gyve and delyver you this crowne, wherwith I was crowned kyng of Englande, and therwith all the right therto dependyng. The duke of Lancastre tooke it, and the archebysshop of Caunterbury toke it out of the dukes handes. . . . Than Rycharde of Burdeaux retourned agayne into the chambre fro whence he came.

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APPENDIX B

The History of the Play

Date. The question of the date of *Richard II* is involved with that of its relation to Daniel's *Ciuile Wars* (see App. A). If we admit that Shakespeare was influenced by Daniel, then our play was written between 1595 and August, 1597, when it was entered in the *Stationers' Register*. If we suppose Shakespeare to have been independent of Daniel, there is no external evidence to fix the earlier limit of the date-bracket. The words in IV. i. 321 show that the deposition scene was part of the original play, and its omission from the First Quarto may point to the effect of Queen Elizabeth's alarm at the bull of Pope Clement VIII (1596) exhorting her subjects to depose her. This circumstance, the results of metrical tests, and the general character of the style, all go to confirm an assignment of the date of composition to a period from the middle of 1595 to the middle of 1596.

Stage History. In the course of the centuries, *Richard II* has proved more successful in the closet than on the stage. Critics discover in it high poetry and masterly delineation of national problems and human character; actors and producers find in it disappointment and financial loss. Since Shakespeare's time, accordingly, the separate productions are to be numbered on the fingers of two hands.

Of the performances of our play before the closing of the theaters in 1642, nevertheless, we have an unusual record. First, there is its probable representation before the conspirators in the Essex rebellion, February 8, 1601. (See App. A.)

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Queen Elizabeth had a different opinion from the players in regard to its popularity. In a conversation reported by William Lambard, her Keeper of the Rolls, she said:

'I am Richard II, know ye not that?'
W. L. 'Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind Gent. the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made.'
Her Majestie. 'He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors; this tragedy was played 40tie times in open streets and houses.'
(*The Shakespeare Allusion Book*, ed. J. Munro. 1909. Vol. I, pp. 100-101.)

If, again, Shakespeare's play be referred to, few others have the distinction of having been played so far from England at that early date. In the journal of Captain Keeling of the East Indiaman *Dragon*, off Sierra Leone (in *Narratives of Voyages towards the North West*, ed. Thomas Rundall. 1849) in 1607, appears the following passage:

September 5.—I sent the interpreter according to his desier abord the 'Hector,' whear he brooke fast, and after came abord mee, wher we gaue the tragedie of Hamlet. . . .
September 30.—Captain Hawkins dined with me, when my companions acted Kinge Richard the Second.

The authenticity of these entries has been questioned, but so sane a scholar as F. S. Boas has no doubt that they are genuine and that the plays were Shakespeare's. (*Shakespeare at Sea: Contemporary Review*, July, 1918.)

Still another pre-Restoration performance is recorded by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to James I, Charles I, and Charles II, June 12, 1631, when he received £5 6s. 6d. as his benefit from the second performance of a revived play, from the King's company, at the Globe. (*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels*

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1623-1673. Ed. J. Q. Adams. New Haven, London, and Oxford. 1917. P. 44.)

On account of its subject, the play was freighted with extrinsic political significance as long as the doctrine of kingship by divine right was mooted in England. In 1681, the year of *Absalom and Achitophel*, Nahum Tate's adaptation, though under the new title of *The Sicilian Usurper*, with changed names for the dramatis personæ, was 'silenced the third day.' In the preface to the published version (1681), the author complains that his production was suppressed without examination and that he wrote 'with as little design of Satyr on present Transactions as Shakespear himself that wrote this Story before this Age began.' He alleges, moreover, that (if there was any such effect) he showed Richard in a better light than Shakespeare had done; 'I have everywhere given him the Language of an Active, Prudent Prince. Preferring the Good of his Subjects to his own private Pleasure.' Besides altering the King's character, Tate made York a broadly comic figure speaking prose, and gave Queen Isabella a much larger rôle. He not only omitted several scenes and altered the order of others, but inserted totally new scenes, such as one of low comedy between Bolingbroke and a Rabble in Act II., and a rather purposeless scene between the King and the Queen before the abdication. His excision of the impeachment of Aumerle and everything connected with the Abbot of Westminster's plot set a precedent followed by practically everyone who has since prepared an acting version of this play. What deprives his adaptation of any right to be considered Shakespearean is the numerous irritating and senseless verbal changes throughout, such as *vessels* for *buckets* (IV. i. 185) and the following rendering of a famous passage:

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Down, down, I come like Blazing *Phaeton*,
Wanting the Menage of unruly steeds.

After Tate's fiasco, apparently *Richard II* was not produced again until December 10, 1719, after the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty, when Theobald's adaptation was given at Lincoln's Inn Fields. He endeavored to bring Shakespeare into more conformity with classical rules, by laying all scenes at or near the Tower and omitting all of the first and second acts. He worked up a sub-plot concerned with Aumerle's love for Lady Percy, Northumberland's daughter, and with his conspiracy to restore Richard. The elder Percy discovers the plot and, in spite of the pleading of his daughter and York, informs Bolingbroke. The final scene must have been very thrilling. First Aumerle is led across stage to execution. Richard has a tender passage of farewell with his queen, and then is set upon by the guards and killed. His dying words are, 'O Isabella!' Soon thereafter Lady Percy kills herself in grief for Aumerle, and York kills himself for Richard. Theobald borrowed nothing from Tate, and more than half the text is Shakespeare's. This version was acted seven times its first season and remained on the acting-list for two years more.

Nearly twenty years later, February 6, 1738, the play was given at Covent Garden, in Shakespeare's text, practically unaltered, revived at the request of some literary ladies. It ran ten times the first season and four the next. The audience is said to have read allusion to current politics into the lines of I. ii. For the rest of the eighteenth century there were no more notable productions, though it seems likely that the play was in the repertory of provincial theaters. David Garrick contemplated producing *Richard II*, but never did so. An adaptation by Goodhall, published in 1772, was never acted.

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Early in the nineteenth century we find Macready playing it in the provinces, at Newcastle in 1812, at Glasgow in 1813, and finally, a little before he went up to London, at Bath, January 26, 1815. His play was Shakespeare, unaltered save by omissions. He played it once again, in his prime, at the Haymarket, December 2, 1850.

Shortly after Macready's production in Bath, his great contemporary, Edmund Kean, played *Richard II* in Wroughton's adaptation (Drury Lane, March 9, 1815). Up to the fifth act the alterations consist chiefly of omissions, notably in dovetailing the first and third scenes of the first act, and cutting practically everything out of the Parliament scene except the abdication itself. The Duchesses of Gloucester and York are left out entirely, but a gentlewoman named Blanche is attached to the Queen. In the garden scene, Isabel sits in a garden chair while Blanche sings a song, 'What fragrance scents the vernal air!' In the fifth act, the Queen takes on much more importance than Shakespeare gave her. In a new scene, she comes to Bolingbroke to tell him of a premonition of Richard's death and to demand another interview with him. Undergoing a complete change of heart, probably on account of her great affection, Bolingbroke not only grants the interview but follows her to the Tower to restore Richard and atone for his wrongs. The murder scene follows as in Shakespeare, up to the point where Richard is struck down; here the Queen rushes in, he dies in her arms, and she faints. Bolingbroke now enters, and the Queen revives, to speak the lines of Lear over Cordelia, and die. King Henry is so struck with remorse that he wishes he were dead in Richard's place. Lines from *Henry VI*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* also are worked in at various places. This was Edmund Kean's standard

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version, in which he acted three times that season and thirteen times in all. He seems not to have included it in his American repertory.

All these adaptations point the moral of what the play lacks as a theater-piece; they all aim to reduce the amount of talk, expand the Queen's part, and give more complication to the plot.

The next important production (leaving at one side that at Drury Lane, 1884, in which Vandenhoff, Cooper, and Mrs. Sloman played the leading parts) was the spectacular revival by Charles Kean at the Princess Theatre, March 12, 1857. The text was Shakespeare, unaltered except for the usual cuts. The distinguishing characteristic of the performance was the emphasis laid on historical accuracy in costumes and manners, especially in the grand procession introduced between the third and fourth acts, representing Bolingbroke's triumphal entry into London with Richard a prisoner in his train. The crowd were most carefully rehearsed in the sports and pastimes of the fourteenth century, after Strutt, and some of the populace even had lines to deliver. Though impressive, this production did not have any tremendous popularity, and resulted in financial loss to Kean.

After 1857 until towards the close of the century, *Richard II* was practically absent from the English stage, though Edwin Booth played it in the provinces during his tour in 1882. It was one of the four plays of Shakespeare that Samuel Phelps did not produce at Sadler's Wells. In 1897 Sir Henry Irving formed the project of putting it on, even going so far as to have scenery painted by E. A. Abbey, but, illness interfering, he definitely abandoned the idea in 1898. The play was, however, given at his theater, the Lyceum, by Benson, March 15, 1900, winning praise for the actors but running only two nights. Since

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1896 it has been in the repertory of Sir F. R. Benson's company, being played occasionally in London but chiefly in the provinces. An interesting performance of theirs was that at Flint Castle, August 21, 1899, just five hundred years after the historical events depicted.

In 1903 Sir Herbert Tree revived *Richard II* at His Majesty's Theatre, where it ran 107 nights, perhaps the only unquestionable success in its history. He also revived it for the Shakespearean festivals of 1905, 1906, and 1910, and played it in Berlin on his German tour in 1907. Less elaborate productions were those of William Poel for the Elizabethan Stage Society (November 11, 1899), Granville Barker playing the King, those of the Ben Greet Players, and of Miss Lillian Bayliss at the Royal Victoria Hall.

In America almost the only notable performances were those of Edwin Booth, who first brought it out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, November 8, 1875. It was *Richard II* in which he was playing in Chicago, April 28, 1879, when a lunatic fired a revolver at him, barely missing his head. For the rest, Seilhamer records no production in colonial times; later American actors seem to have slighted the play; and visiting British actors preferred to include more certain favorites in their American repertories. ✓

In Germany, it was first played by F. L. Schroeder at Hamburg, in 1778. While not a leading favorite among Shakespeare's plays, at the present time *Richard II* seems assured of an average of a half-dozen performances a year in various parts of the country. It appears never to have been played in France or Italy.

The failure of *Richard II* as a stage play is well explained by one who had had practical experience with it, as follows:

✓1937: Maurice Evans, New York

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'Richard II., Bolingbroke, York, and the rest, though they talk so well, do little else than talk, nor can all the charm of composition redeem in a dramatic point of view the weakness resulting from this accident in the play's construction.'

(Macready: *Reminiscences.* N. Y. 1875. P. 50.)

APPENDIX C

The Text of the Present Edition

Although until recently there were thought to be but four Quartos of *Richard II* (not counting that of 1634, derived from the Second Folio), A. W. Pollard has proved that it appeared in five Quarto editions in Shakespeare's lifetime. The characteristics of all these and their relations to each other and to the First Folio are discussed with great penetration by Mr. Pollard (*Richard II: A New Quarto.* 1916).

The First Quarto, without the author's name, had the following title-page:

THE / Tragedie of King Ri- / chard the se- / cond. / As it hath beene publikely acted / by the right Honourable the / Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser- / uants. [*Simmes's device.*] LONDON / Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and / are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at / the signe of the Angel. / 1597.

The Second Quarto, deriving from the first, and Pollard's newly established third, deriving from the second, were both printed in 1598, and bore on their title-pages the words, 'By William Shake-speare.'

The Fourth Quarto was the first to print the abdication scene (IV. i. 154-318). The earlier part of the edition, from which was drawn the copy in the Elizabethan Club of New Haven, supplying the title-page reproduced in facsimile in this volume, gave no

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notice of the fact on its title-page. That of the later part of the edition, however, read as follows:

THE / Tragedie of King / Richard the Second: / With new additions of the Parlia- / ment Sceane, and the deposing / of King Richard, / As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges / Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. / *By William Shake-speare.* / AT LONDON, / Printed by W. W. for *Matthew Law*, and are to / be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, / at the signe of the Foxe. / 1608.

The Fifth Quarto (1615) followed the fourth, and seems to have become the basis of the First Folio text, supplemented and corrected by a purer version, which Pollard conjectures to have been a copy of the First Quarto annotated for use in the theater. The First Folio text, while full of inferior readings, supplies the division into acts and scenes, fuller stage directions, and a superior text of the abdication scene. From the Folio, however, are omitted about fifty lines printed in all the Quartos; the longer omissions seem to be in the nature of cuts to shorten the time of performance. They occur in nine places, as follows:

I. iii. 129-133
I. iii. 239-242
I. iii. 268-293
II. ii. 77
III. ii. 29-32
III. ii. 49
III. ii. 182
IV. i. 52-59
V. iii. 99

The present text is based on that of Craig's *Oxford Shakespeare* (Oxford, the Clarendon Press), which is eclectic between the First Quarto and the First Folio. Where practicable, the stage directions of the early editions have been restored. The list of dramatis personæ, the scene locations, and such stage directions as are supplied from later sources are inclosed in brackets. Certain spellings in Craig have been altered: *naught* for *nought*, *whilst* for *while*, *antic* for *antick*, *forgo* for *forego*, *yon* for *yond*. Other departures from the Oxford text are listed below,

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the reading of the present edition before the colon, the Oxford reading after it.

I. i. 51 this.: this:
72 except.: except:
168 death, that: death that
187 O God, . . . sin!: O! God defend . , . sin.
ii. 23 self mould Qq: self-mould F1
iii. 118 Stay Qq, F1: Stay, stay
II. i. 18 As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond; Q1: As praises of his state: then there are fond (sound F1)
20 listen;: listen:
121 son,: son,—
183 kindred Qq: kindred's F1
203 letters-patents Qq, F1: letters-patent
240 moe Qq, F1: more
II. ii. 15 shows . . . is Qq, F1: show . . . are
57 And all the rest revolted Q1: And all the rest of the revolted
112 T' one Q1: the one
113 t' other Q1: the other
iii. 5 Draws . . . makes Qq, F1: Draw . . . make
35 directions Qq: direction F1
80 self-borne F1 (selfeborne Q1): self-born F3-4
125 cousin Qq: kinsman F1
III. ii. 55 balm off from Qq: balm from F1
64 farther Qq, F1: further
iii. 52 this Qq, F1: the
62 S. d. *Boling.* Qq: *H. Percy*
91 stands Qq: is F1
202 hands Qq: hand F1
iv. S. d. *Enter a Gardener &c.*, between 23 and 24 Qq, F1: between 28 and 29
IV. i. 33 sympathy Qq: sympathies F1
145 raise Qq: rear F1
263 good—: good,
276 that F1: the Q3-4
V. i. 39 thy Q1: my Q2-4, F1
43 quite their griefs Q1: quit their grief F1
ii. 18 from the one Qq: from one F1
58 see Qq: sees F1
67 himself?: himself!
iii. 1 tell me of Qq: tell of F1
21 sparks of better hope Qq, F1: sparkles of a better hope
22 years Qq: days F1

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85 rest rest Qq: rest rests F1
112 Say Qq: But F1
iv. 9 heart,: heart;
v. 29 misfortunes Qq: misfortune F1
33 treasons make Qq: treason makes F1
69 hither, Qq, F1: hither, man,
94 spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd Qq: spur-gall'd and tird F1
vi. 43 shades Q1: shade F1
47 what Qq: that F1

APPENDIX D

Suggestions for Collateral Reading

Text

A. W. Pollard: *A new Shakespeare quarto. The tragedy of King Richard II. Printed for the third time by Valentine Simmes in 1598. Reproduced in facsimile from the unique copy in the library of William Augustus White.* 1916.

Annotated Editions

Richard II in the *First Folio Edition,* edited by Charlotte Porter. New York, 1910. One volume.

Richard II in the *Arden Shakespeare,* edited by C. H. Herford. Boston, 1895. One volume.

Sources

W. G. Boswell-Stone: *Shakspere's Holinshed. The chronicle and the historical plays compared.* 1896. [A valuable work in the form of excerpts from Holinshed in the order employed by Shakespeare; the complete and consecutive text of the chronicle pertaining to the reigns concerned may be read in: R. S. Wallace and Alma Hansen, *Holinshed's chroni-*

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cles, Richard II 1398-1400 and Henry V. Oxford, 1917.]

A. B. Grosart: *The complete works of Samuel Daniel.* In four volumes. Vol. II. *The ciuile wars between the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke. 1595-1623.* Printed for private circulation only. 1885.

Criticism

S. T. Coleridge: Complete works, edited by W. G. T. Shedd. New York, 1871. *Lectures on Shakespeare.* Pp. 119-129.

W. Hazlitt: Collected works, edited by A. R. Waller and A. Glover. Twelve volumes. 1902. Vol. I. *Characters of Shakespear's plays.* Pp. 272-277.

A. C. Swinburne: *Three plays of Shakespeare.* 1909.

W. Pater: *Appreciations, with an essay on style.* New York, 1906. Pp. 192-212.

S. A. Brooke: *On ten plays of Shakespeare.* New York, 1905. Chapter III.

J. A. R. Marriott: *Richard the redeless—the amateur in politics. Fortnightly Review,* April, 1917. Vol. 107, pp. 688-698.

APPENDIX E

Historical Dates of Scenes

Note: An attempt is made here to show how Shakespeare adapted historical chronology to suit his dramatic purposes and necessities. The dates given are those of modern historians; in Holinshed, however, Shakespeare found much less distinctness regarding the lapse of time and the order of events.

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Scene	*Location*	*Historical Date*
I. i.	Windsor Castle	28 April, 1398
I. ii.	London	A few days before I. iii.
I. iii.	Coventry	11 or 17 September, 1398
I. iv.	Windsor Castle	12 or 13 October, 1398 (departure of Bolingbroke) 3 February, 1399 (death of John of Gaunt. Ll. 53-63 show that II. i. ensues immediately upon I. iv.)
II. i.	London	3 February, 1399 18 March, 1399 29 May, 1399 (The cancellation of Bolingbroke's letters-patent was published 18 March, and Richard did not sail for Ireland until 29 May; moreover, Bolingbroke was not invited to return until after Richard's departure)
II. ii.	London	After 4 July and before 22 July, 1399 but *a.* Worcester's defection, ll. 59-60, took place after Richard's return; *b.* the Duchess of Gloucester died 3 October, 1399)
II. iii.	Wilds of Gloucestershire	27 July, 1399
II. iv.	North Wales	Before 1 August, 1399
III. i.	Bristol	29 July, 1399
III. ii.	Coast of Wales	22 or 26 July, 1399 (but the king's meeting with Salisbury occurred 1 August, 1399)
III. iii.	Flint Castle, in North Wales	19 August, 1399 (but the embassage of Northumberland had come to Richard at Conway several days before)
III. iv.	Langley in Hertfordshire	After 1 September, the day on which Richard was taken into London

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Scene	*Location*	*Historical Date*
IV. i.	Westminster Hall	30 September, 1399 (abdication of Richard) 22 October, 1399 (speech of Carlisle) 3 November, 1399 (trial of Bagot and appeal of Aumerle)
V. i.	London	30 September, 1399 (immediately after Parliament scene, but Richard was not removed from the Tower to go to Pontefract Castle until 29 October, 1399)
V. ii.	London: York House	4 January, 1400
V. iii.	Windsor Castle	4 January, 1400
V. iv.	Windsor Castle	Several days before 14 February, 1400
V. v.	Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire	14 February, 1400 (traditionally)
V. vi.	Windsor Castle	17 February, 1400 (but the affair at Cirencester took place 7-8 January, 1400)

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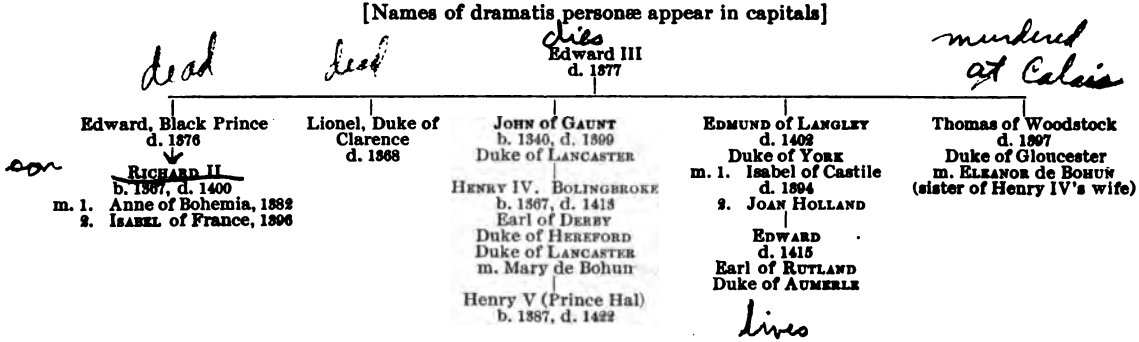
APPENDIX F

Genealogical Chart

[Names of dramatis personæ appear in capitals]



Five Lords Appellant, 1388

1. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.
2. Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel.
3. Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.
4. Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham.
5. Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby.

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- Richard's Incompetence
  1. Plays favorites
  2. Does not enforce his orders
  3. Sets a possibly disruptive quarrel continue
  4. Lack of respect for Gaunt

Henry is a symbol and Richard thinks always of himself.

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